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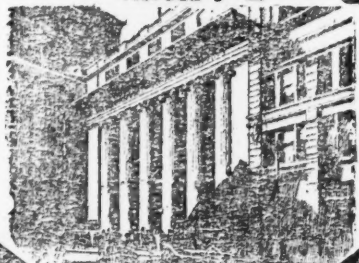
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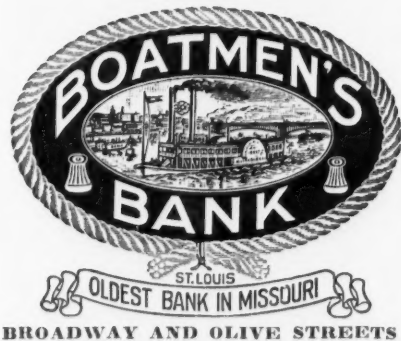
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"Yes."

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REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Slackers and Patriots

By William Marion Reedy

WHEN the country was discussing preparedness and compulsory service the eastern pressmen and orators were loud in their imputations of the lack of loyalty in the west. The west elected Wilson because "he kept us out of war" and presumably would continue to do so. It was not prepared to make the about-face that the President made in April. But the west nevertheless did as well and better than the east in volunteering for army and navy, and it held its end up in subscriptions to the liberty loan and to the Red Cross fund. To-day the draft began. I am sure that nowhere in the west has the event revealed any more poltroonery than has been shown in the country's greatest city. The percentage of claims of exemption is phenomenally high. After fifty-two men had been examined by the physicians of two district boards, it seemed certain that only one man would go into the army. In all other districts the early reports from the examiners show that practically every man examined claimed exemption. Practically certain it is, according to the afternoon papers, that more than double the quota of examinations will have to be made to secure the men needed, and maybe four or five times the estimated quota will have to be examined. The news inspires disgust. New York, that wanted war worse than any other city, doesn't want to do the fighting any more than any other city. Reports from all over the country show that the claims of exemption are running high. In New York all records were broken for marriages in what is called the municipal marriage chapel. There was a marriage a minute, at least licenses to marry were issued one a minute. The rush was greater in Brooklyn. It is assumed that every man who marries now does it to escape service in the army, to acquire a dependent. He is said to prefer war for life to a war that will soon be over. Doubtless much of such assumption is false. Many young fellows likely to be drafted are simply marrying to hold the girls against their return. The papers say that the Department of Justice is rounding up thousands of men who escaped the registration. Several organizations are getting ready to contest the constitutionality of the draft. The east has no superiority in patriotism to blow about. It has as many and, I venture to assert, more slackers in proportion to population than the west. And yet as one exempt by age I feel bound to say that we must not too sternly condemn the claimants. Most men are not heroes. Most men would rather not fight, and they are justified in claiming exemption on good grounds. It is not asserted that all or most of the claims are false. One young fellow put the case, I think, for most of the claimants, saying, "I'll go if called, but I'm taking a chance that I won't be called." Marriage helps that chance, and

so does a claim of employment in industries necessary to the prosecution of the war. I don't doubt that most of the men whose claims will be disallowed will give a good account of themselves in battle if they participate in one.

Personally I cannot work up as much indignation against the youths who don't want to fight if they can avoid it, as comes, without working up, against the milk trust that announces, on this, the hottest day in New York for years, a raise in the price of milk to twelve and one-half cents a quart. The trust has been raising the price ever since October, and it was then nine cents. There was a raise in February and there is now a second raise in July. It is murder for the "kiddies" and the justification of it is a fake. The trust says it has to pay more for milk to the farmers. Mr. Dillon, state commissioner of food and markets, says that while the price of milk to the consumer has gone up, the price paid the farmers from January until June has gone steadily down. The farmer now gets about five and one-half cents a quart. The trust says that the price of paper caps, bottles, cans and other equipment increases the cost to the consumer.

What is to be done about it no one definitely knows, but certain it is the event shows the need of a food control, which, it appears, happily, we are to have exactly as President Wilson wants it, with Hoover the whole show. The milk trust magnates are probably among those who grieve over the slackness in patriotism of the young men. Doubtless, too, those men who have recently been discovered to have made big profits through cornering the business of supplying American flags to meet the demand are very much disgusted over the number of boys who claim exemption from the draft. These same men who are collecting all the traffic will bear are doubtless not backward in claiming exemptions from war taxes. How they must feel over the news that corporation taxes are to be increased! And it is a safe bet that there is not one of them who protests against the proposal of heavier consumption taxes, on sugar for instance. I guess there is as much patriotism among the boys who answer the draft, however reluctantly, as there is among the business men of the greatest business city in the world, the quality of whose patriotism is best exemplified in the fact that all the markets go down upon the circulation of the merest rumors of peace. For three or four days peace rumors have depressed business in New York. To those patriots peace is bad news. Perhaps if this were not so well known there would be fewer claims of exemption made by those called for examination in the draft.

It is stuff like these operations of the milk trust and the flag trust that gives vitality to the pacifists and the anti-conscriptionists. We hear of the heavy hand to fall upon the slackers and we should like to hear of the heavy hand falling soon upon the

engrossers and forestallers of the necessities in this crisis. These are not alone the big fellows either; they include the middle men. I wonder if, when they are boosting prices, they ever think of the people in the tenement district of New York these hellish hot nights, gaspingly trying to sleep on fire-escapes, of the little under-fed babies by the hundred thousands, and their anaemic mothers. Is it patriotism, I wonder, for business to make war on our helpless ones more effectively than we have yet been able to make war on Germany? I must confess that, seeing the suffering in the town in weather like this, when some eueptic fellow talks about the justice of every young man fighting for his country, I don't blame the masses for asking how much of the country is theirs to fight for. It is one thing to fight for the flag, but another to fight for a flag trust, which is only too typical an American institution. One can better afford to indulge in such reflections as these when one reads in the evening paper that, in an answer to the statements of Chancellors Michaelis and Czernin, the British and French troops have penetrated to the second line of defenses along a twenty-mile front in Belgium under cover of the most stupendous barrage fire known in the war. This and the news that congress is about ready to feed out of President Wilson's hand, meaning better war-action on our part, are calculated to dispel the pessimism prevalent in the east for a week or more.

NEW YORK, JULY 31.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Missourians et al.

I SAT in a party the other evening and someone spoke of New York's representation in the United States senate. "Who are they?" someone asked. No one answered for a while. Then someone chirruped: "I have it. One of 'em is Wadsworth." That was pretty good. "But who is the other man?" Nobody knew. No one in that party. And no one of a half dozen men I questioned upon the subject after the party broke up. By accident I came upon the name of the unknown in an evening paper. It is Calder. And if there's anything more to know of him I haven't heard it. Of course, I might look him up and tell you all about him, but what's the use?

I was speaking of this incident and commenting upon the decline of the senate which it indicated. I was informed, and with pertinence, that the incident was a commentary upon the intelligence of the American public. "But," said I, "everybody knows the names of the senators from Missouri," and then there was laughter. It occurred to me then that Champ Clark's apothegm at a Tammany feast some years ago was reversed. He said: "You fellows think Missouri is provincial. You're wrong. It's New York that's provincial. New York knows nothing of Missouri but everybody in Missouri knows all about New York." I wonder how many people in Missouri know about Senator Calder? As few I suppose as there are New Yorkers who know that George Creel, who is now in for such a general hammering because he invented a battle between our transport convoys and German submarines to give a fillip to our Fourth of July patriotism, is a Missourian. He used to edit *The Independent* in Kansas City. Governor Folk gave him an important job. I believe he was coal oil inspector or something like that. He was a good one too. He helped in the attempt to make Folk United States senator, but that was a failure, so he went to Denver. Then he came to New York and did good uplift journalism. He

met and married that excellent actress and gracious and pretty woman, Blanche Bates. He wrote enthusiastically about President Wilson. His reward is the place he now holds. I don't think the place has a name. I should say he is the press agent of the administration. He is a poet. I remember a little book of his in which he sings most admirably a rubaiyat of most pious Christian sentiments. It was privately printed. The best evidence that it is good stuff is the fact that while all the paragraphers and colyumists have been having fun with him, none has reproduced any of his rubai. George "stands the gaff" pretty well. He hasn't got mad because the papers exposed his elaboration or decoration of the story that some submarines were seen from our transports into a general engagement. He's there to "sell this war" to the American people and he will do it even if he has to adopt the methods of imagination and hyperbole that should make him the unanimous choice of the Friars for their presidency.

♦♦

The Story of Walter Lippmann

THERE is talk in the east that Creel is to be let out. I don't believe it. New York thinks that Walter Lippmann is to be given Creel's job. That is no place for Lippmann. Lippmann was the brains and spirit—more especially the spirit—of *The New Republic*. He led the "intellectuals" whose proud boast it is that they led us into war. It was said that on his week-ends he went down to Washington and shaped the President's policies. The paper helped much to the re-election of Wilson. It kept the intellectuals in line—except Owen Wister and a few more. Thereby hangs a little story. *The New Republic* was founded by George Herbert Croly and Lippmann. Croly wrote "The Promise of American Life," a good but heavy book. I can best describe it by saying that its general trend was embodied in the Roosevelt platform of 1912. You might call it a sort of slow-combustion socialism. Lippmann wrote "A Preface to Politics." I said when it appeared it was the best book on the subject since Walter Bagehot's "Physics and Politics." Along came an "angel"—Willard Straight. Mr. Straight married a Whitney girl. He and she had progressive ideas and money in chunks. Mr. Straight backed *The New Republic* with \$250,000. It was a fine thing to do with money. Along came the campaign for Wilson's second term. Mr. Straight was for Hughes. Croly was for Hughes. Lippmann was for Wilson. They each had their say. Mr. Straight published a straightforward statement of his relations to the paper, expressing his dissent from the Wilsonian articles, declaring for Hughes, but disclaiming any pique thereat. Straight is a high-class man in every respect and a game sport. I believe he is a trustee of Cornell and one who gives not only service but money to that great educational institution. Walter Lippmann, just before this country entered the war, took a place either with the state or war department, without pay. I understand he is independently wealthy. His political views are demi-socialistic. He believes that democracy can and should use Big Business brains, instead of fighting them. In international affairs he believes in organizing the backward regions of the earth under a commission composed of representatives of the great powers. Thus he would prevent the competitive exploitation of those regions by "profiteers" involving manipulation of diplomats and the appeal to the military forces. This is outlined in his book, "The Stakes of Diplomacy." You can see from the course of events how the Lippmann idea or theory synchronizes with the Wilson policy. I don't know whether the President sympathizes with *The New Republic's* ideas on birth-control. From his attitude to woman suffrage I judge that he doesn't go that far. Neither did Mr. Willard Straight, but he said that although he had put his money in the paper and differed from many of its views, he would not attempt to suppress those views. Mr. Lippmann is busy in Washington. He is no longer with *The New Republic*. It would not at all surprise me if Mr. Lippmann should be one of the

representatives of the United States at the peace congress which will wind up the war. He will not be twenty-eight years old until late next month. Yet there is nothing of the infant prodigy about him. He's such a modest, gentle fellow that even New York's literary folk are not jealous of his success. Lippmann is one of about half a dozen Harvard men I know who have escaped the taint of the Harvard manner. He's too big a man for George Creel's job—and so is George Creel for that matter. Creel, too, serves without pay. Out among Missouri politicians that is not the proper thing to do.

♦♦

A Missourian in the City Temple

SPEAKING of Missourians, I read an article in a paper the other day by Joseph Fort Newton, pastor of the City Temple, London, another Missourian. Mr. Newton is a Unitarian minister. St. Louisans will remember him, perhaps, as the assistant a dozen or more years ago to the beloved Dr. Cave who founded the People's Church, the chief backers of which were Dr. J. I. Lawrence and Benjamin Eiseman. Dr. Lawrence made a vast fortune in patent medicines and medical journalism. He fought serum-therapy fiercely. He built for his beautiful and unhappy daughter the house now occupied by Mrs. James Campbell. Mr. Eiseman was the head and front of the house of Rice, Stix & Co. Dr. Cave has recently gone back to Christianity proper. The explanation is that Christianity has liberalized itself, in spirit if not in good set terms, forward to his views. Mr. Newton was a quiet young man of more talent than most people suspected. He went to Cedar Rapids as Unitarian pastor. His congregation printed and distributed his sermons. They were along the lines of Comte and Positivism. They had rare literary value and deep feeling. Many of them were really essays in criticism of the great writers put in form for the pulpit. He wrote a life of David Swing—an excellent biography of a strong, free spirit. He wrote also a book on Herndon and Lincoln. All collectors of Lincolniana should have this book, for it reveals something of the secret of Lincoln. Herndon had a great hand in the making of Lincoln. He was not such a great man, but he helped form Lincoln's opinions. Mr. Newton's book shows how. Herndon was hot for Abolition long before Lincoln would consider it. It was Herndon who read Spencer and Darwin and distilled them into Lincoln. Herndon went east to interest Theodore Parker, William Ellery Channing and others in Lincoln as a candidate. Herndon burned. Lincoln sat in their office with his feet on the mantelpiece and kept cool. Herndon drank and loved to loaf with dog and gun. He mixed around and felt out sentiment for Lincoln. The world knows him only as the biographer who has cast a doubt on Lincoln's legitimacy. For that reason Herndon is damned. I know a man who knew Herndon well and he reiterated to me a year ago the thought he had got from Herndon, that Lincoln did secretly sorrow over some hiatus in the family genealogy. Herndon said that he got the idea one day out walking with Lincoln who expressed it in a sudden access of melancholy. Be all that as it may, Herndon as depicted in Mr. Newton's book is a pathetically attractive figure. He could not be a great man but he could shape and make one. This book, with the reprints of his sermons and a volume on Masonry, spread Dr. Newton's fame abroad and he was called from Grand Rapids to the City Temple, London. That is a famous People's Church. Dr. Newton occupies the pulpit once filled by Spurgeon. It is a church that stands in relation to England as Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth church stood for many years in relation to the United States. Dr. Newton has made a deep impression upon his London congregation. I had a letter from him the other day renewing for the fourteenth time his annual subscription to the MIRROR. I might claim him for one of the MIRROR School of Literature, along with Masters, Viereck, Sara Teasdale, Zoe Akins and the late gloriously gifted short-story writer and essayist, Harris Merton

Lyon. Dr. Newton is in a position in which he can and will exercise influence the most potent as an interpreter of the United States to Great Britain. We need him and so does Great Britain, for in spite of all the present day fraternization of the two peoples there is a strong latent antagonism between them. He has recently delivered a sermon on the war that is the beginning of his spiritual mediation.



The Seven Arts

THE subsidized periodical is a kind of vogue in New York just now. I use the word "subsidized" in no invidious sense. Some of the biggest publications have had to issue bonds to raise money for circulation campaigns and of course the bonds are taken by people who have the money to advance. Two or three of the big monthlies and at least one big weekly are so "owned." There is no evidence that the bondholders dictate the policies of these publications, for, as it happens in the instances I have in mind, those policies are anything but plutocratic. A magazine that is making a go, apparently, much as did *The New Republic* is *The Seven Arts*. It has an "angel" in the person of a Miss Rankine, as the story goes. The chief editor is James Oppenheim, a poet of note. Oppenheim is classed among the free versers. I think the classification is wrong. He belongs in the category with Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter. I think he is a good poet who writes too much. At his best he has a sensuous force that compels attention. His language is bible-steeped. That he has a keen sympathy with life is at once apparent. He sees it in the little and in the large, and he hasn't any hard and fast theory about it. All of it is good, he seems to say, and everybody should have as much of it as he can hold and use. Mr. Oppenheim tries to make poetry out of all he grasps of life and sometimes he fails, but for the most part he arrives with good effect. Associated with him in the conduct of *The Seven Arts* are Waldo Frank, Van Wyck Brooks, Louis Untermeyer, Edna Kenton, Robert Frost, Kahlil Gibran, a Syrian singer and painter, David Mannes and Robert Edmond Jones. The publication has quality. It is aesthetic quite emphatically and unconventional. It has printed some striking short stories by Edna Wallert McCourt of St. Louis and some poems by Margretta Scott, another St. Louis girl. Of its contributing staff other noted members are Theodore Dreiser, John Reed and Amy Lowell. Miss Lowell has a big piece of mingled free verse and polyphonic prose in the August issue. It is called "Guns as Keys: and Great Gate Swings." Vachel Lindsay writes songs for it too. So does H. L. Mencken. The tone of the periodical is unconventional. I can imagine Harvard liking it as little as Harvard likes the sister of the president of Harvard. John Reed is not orthodox on the war. He is not a pacifist but he says war is lunacy and that the common man thinks so. Mr. Mencken writes of things *a la* Nietzsche, smashingly, but he says that Nietzsche went soft before he died and there is danger that Theodore Dreiser will go soft too and become a rubber stamp for conventional Americanism and "arrange himself with the tripe-sellers of orthodoxy." "The Genius," Mr. Mencken says, "is almost a tract for rectitude," though suppressed. Mencken thinks "The Financier" and "The Titan" far better books. "Jennie Gerhardt" I think is better than all of them. In my opinion, Dreiser has not yet found himself. And he won't find himself by becoming a Nietzschean or anything but Dreiser. The worst danger Dreiser is in is that of taking himself too seriously. He will suffer eclipse if he falls wholly into the school of Mencken and Willard Huntington Wright, riant amorality and Teutomania. Wright's book "Misinforming a Nation," first printed in the MIRROR, is having a big sale. The pro-Germans rejoice in it because it discredits the authenticity of the information and the authority of the estimates of matters aesthetic in "The Encyclopedia Britannica." Now Wright, after evolving a new organon of aesthetics in "The Creative Will," and doing a

novel so amoralistic as to shock the critics in "The Man of Promise," has taken charge of the literary supplement of *The Evening Mail*. The slaughter is great. Wright is "beyond good and evil" in his criticism. He challenges all the sanctions and sanctities. *A bas* the slave morality for him. If a man appeals to Christ or Christianity for support, Wright is done with him. Already he is a "holy terror," as he was when he printed in *The Smart Set* stories so strong that they shocked the readers of that "smart" monthly. Wright is willing to fight everybody about anything and he writes with bare knuckles, no rules against hitting in the clinches, or anything. He defends cubist art and free verse, but he won't stand for any art that is democratic or sympathetic. Wright is of *The Seven Arts* crowd. He is terrifically intense and utterly uncompromising. He and Vachel Lindsay look and sound funny cheek by jowl, for Lindsay is a socialist all-over-the-place. *The Seven Arts* is a free forum for the young men who may be the classics of to-morrow. I am glad it has an angel, for it carries very few advertisements thus far. It has lots of life. If it lacks anything it is humor.



And Others

ANOTHER monthly that has an angel is *The Touchstone*. It will be an angel soon itself if future issues be not better than those I have seen. The last issue asks its readers what they'd like to see in the magazine. That will never do. The readers don't know what they want to see in a magazine until they see it or don't see it. The editor has got to select for them. *The Touchstone's* editor will get no help from his readers. The "angel" of *The Touchstone* is Paris Singer, of the sewing-machine family. He has aesthetic leanings, has been a patron of classic dancing and such things. What his "baby" needs is a dash of the spirit of its namesake in "As You Like It." As the thing is at present it is a somewhat flattened *Craftsman*.

A publication that ought to have an "angel" is Margaret Anderson's *The Little Review*, just moved to New York by way of San Francisco, from Chicago. It is an ultra journal in all respects. Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis and T. S. Eliot, the most ferocious of the vorticists in England, and William Butler Yeats who is not vorticist or vertiginous in the least, write for it. They write some perfectly awful things. In the last issue I saw there was one bit of sexual advice which is magnificently perverse, but very British. It advises one of the things for which St. Paul condemned the Romans. Margaret Anderson, the editor, is a vivid person, pretty, with a singularly proud bearing and an utter scorn for the accepted. She's a furious anarchist, devoted to Emma Goldman, with an indefinable, aristocratic "note" about her. She started her *Little Review* in Chicago and gained some fame thereby, but she has sought a more intense life. Her magazine is *caviare*. Most people will never understand what the thing is driving at. If they did they would have heart-failure. Miss Anderson has tackled a huge job in trying to reach the New Yorkers with her very superior brand of intellectual dope. I wish her well. She's a splendid person in her loyalties. She has the courage of all the new movements. But I'm afraid she can't get the money.

The Little Review having gone from Chicago to New York, Alfred Krymbourg has taken his poetic magazine *Others* to Chicago. Honors are easy. Krymbourg has invented a form of poetry he calls mushrooms. Sometimes the poems are mushrooms. Again they are toad-stools. They are like Japanese *hokku*. They are simple statements of grouped facts and out of the grouping the reader has to get the poetry, with a hint, generally faint, from the poet. I would be unjust to Krymbourg if I did not say that when he does get his effect in his verse he is quite uniquely successful. The reader is surprised and delighted. Krymbourg is the author of a novel that got its publisher, Guido Bruno, into trouble out of which he has not yet emerged. The book was "Edna, a Girl of the

Streets." It has been suppressed. It is not as bad as Fanny Hill. It is not very artistic. It is very new. But since Guido Bruno published it, Guido Bruno has been under the ban of the post-office. *Bruno's Weekly* was the organ of Greenwich Village. Greenwich Village was a sort of Montmartre of Gotham, full of artists and writers and those who played at those games. A group of young people and some elders who should have known better got into a neighborhood and lived the life without restraint. They celebrated themselves, but they didn't produce anything worth while. People began to visit the village to see the human curios. Restaurants began to make money out of the slummers. Would-be artists went there clamoring for studios. Poets swarmed—bad poets. Near-novelists trampled each others' heels. Love flourished as once in the Latin Quarter. But nobody did any work. About all the Greenwich Village movement resulted in was the raising of rents in the vicinity. There's nothing that doesn't help the landlord, so long as there are people around. Krymbourg was the poet of Greenwich Village, as Bruno was its journalistic exponent. Bruno thought to develop a new movie art in the village, with the assistance of Charles Edison, son of the great inventor. They founded a little movie theater, but nothing came of it. Bruno now writes for *Pearson's Magazine*. And Krymbourg has taken *Others* to Chicago. The village is played out. Slummers don't go there any more. All the wonder-children of art who used to infest the place have ceased to attract attention. They have grown tired of themselves. Bruno will "come back" as soon as he can get out of the clutches of the federal law. Krymbourg seeks and has found new inspiration in Chicago. He will be up against the strong competition of Miss Harriet Monroe's magazine, *Poetry*, which has done much for letters. *Poetry* was started with a five-year guarantee of expenses by a goodly list of Chicagoans. The five years are up. The guarantors are up against war times. Miss Monroe needs a new list of guarantors. I hope she will get them. The magazine should not be permitted to die.



Night Tennis and Such

WHAT St. Louis needs is some man who can get the town into the papers in the right way. Now it gets no space except for gang murders and things like that. Last evening I saw in the paper an editorial gently jibing New York because it was all swelled up over something to which Cleveland had long since beaten her—namely, night tennis courts. I don't suppose anybody knows that St. Louis has electric lighted tennis courts in Forest park. One would think that such things were to be found only in Cleveland. Shucks! St. Louis had something greater than night tennis courts. She had night horse-racing. And what racing it was! The way the boys put 'em over with the dogs! There's never been anything like it since. That's where Louis A. Cella got his start to wealth. It was a running start and he's never been headed. Lately I've heard it said he is the wealthiest man in St. Louis. From "the dogs" by night he rose to the position of boss of the racing situation in the country, and no "easy boss" either. When his cinch was tightest it burst, and all because when the late Pat Carmody wanted dates for a new track Cella said he could have nights and Sundays. For that, Governor Folk put an end to racing in Missouri and the game was crimped everywhere. I see now and then an old bookie around New York cafes at night. He is generally lamenting the old days. He still wears a glory though, for barbers and bath-rubbers and head-waiters faun upon him for tips on the winners. The horse-owner still has his lordly way about him in the hotels. Nothing is too good for him. He spends money with a dash. Now and then he "opens wine" but not in the old style. There is much interest in racing and some pretty high and hard betting at the track, but there isn't the old madness over the game. It may be coming back though. I see an increasing number of people reading *Racing Form* on the cars, *Racing*

news is coming in for more space in the papers. You can find selections of winners in the *Morning Telegraph*—a paper published for the horse bugs, the theater fans, the gay café population generally. It is the organ of Broadway life, with a gamey flavor, not too high, and William A. Lewis, brother of the late Alfred Henry Lewis, is making a big fortune out of it. Therein you'll find all the chatter of the men-and-women about town. *Town Topics* has been breaking in of late on this preserve with its page or so of "Broadway Banter" telling all about this horse-man's, or wine agent's or gambler's or actor's new or old sweetheart or wife or limousine. The folk of this kind are more interesting but not more virtuous than those of the Four Hundred. The gossip of Healey's or of Shanley's is stimulating to more people than the gossip of Sherry's or the St. Regis. But I was talking about racing and its gradual revival. The racing machine is kept going slowly and well-oiled so as to make no noise. Every legislature dallies with the question of legalizing racing "to encourage horse breeding." I would favor it if we could have horse-racing without communities being overrun by it, if the horse-racing machine didn't want to keep up meetings all the year around and wouldn't organize itself into a political machine with gambling graft as the one object. A three weeks meeting twice a year would be enough for any community. But the machine hopes for better things. It is still well organized and wherever there is racing you can bet that Louis A. Cella of St. Louis is in strong on the say. His retainers have the jobs. Cella never lets go of a faithful follower, or an unfaithful one either, for that matter. His "gang" is the most powerful to be found on the tracks or in the paddocks, although they do not wear his name. I don't know whether Cella is still bucket-shopping, but at one time he dominated that game as he dominated racing. It took the government a long time to stop him—if he's stopped. Come to think of it—if you are ever asked what St. Louisian is most a national character, with far-reaching influence, don't forget Louis Cella. If you're in his good books, and you get in trouble almost anywhere after dark, or where the lights are brightest, you'll find his name has potency with people who can help. He will "front" for you with "the coin" or with a "pull" no matter what you're in for.



Rambling Remarks on Shows

NEW YORK CITY has a one o'clock closing law, but of course it doesn't close everything. There are places—I am told. There was a time when I wouldn't have to be told, and wouldn't take anyone's word for it anyhow. I'm glad that there is a one o'clock closing law. If it were not for that, what would happen to Gotham's musical comedy? All the alleged fun turns upon that or the torn up condition of the streets or the money. Oh yes, and the hard-boiled egg! What is there inherently funny in the hard-boiled egg that every comedian should utilize it as a sure-fire joke subject? Actors and eggs are not pleasantly connoted as a rule. What is there that is funny about any egg, but why a hard-boiled one more than others? Why does the audience always laugh at the mere mention of a hard-boiled egg? I give it up. Why do audiences laugh at the mention of whiskers, or union-suits, or liver-pads or every time the comedian says "damn?" Damfino. I wish some real authority on the drama would illuminate us on this and cognate questions.

But are there any authorities on the drama? William Winter is gone. Nym Crinkle is forgot. James Huneker doesn't write on the art any more; he's too intelligent to get his stuff over with editors. Walter Pritchard Eaton writes stories. John Corbin is a movie-censor. There used to be a dramatic critic as was a critic—Charles Frederick Nirdlinger. If you come upon his book "Masques and Mummies," be sure to read it. 'Twas written more than twenty years ago but it is as good to-day as it was then. It is especially good for the brilliant exuberance of its denunciation of the cult of the actor as distinct from the play. He said then that the exaltation of

the actor over the play would kill the play and the actor too. There are no plays. There are few actors, for success on the stage depends upon other things than ability to act. I won't specify those things. Something must be left to the imagination, you know. Mr. Nirdlinger is a successful playwright. His version of "El Gran Galeoto" is one of the finest things that have found their way to the American stage. His plays published by Mitchell Kennerley are good literature and they will act. Nirdlinger doesn't write criticism now. There's nothing on the stage to criticise. Whatever there is worth writing about can be handled in just about the right vein by such preter-smart and super-clever men as George Jean Nathan and Alan Dale, the latter recently reinstated in the good graces of William Randolph Hearst. Those men can write like Willie Collier talks. They can criticise for the crowd that explodes in laughter when Eddie Cantor in the "Follies" speaks of the Bronx express as "the Jewish submarine." That is funny, especially when you look at the "Follies" chorus and can't think of anything—anything printable, that is—but Rebecca at the well. The stage is as Hebraic as the box office these days. A Jew joke goes like the proverbial hot cake in New York, with Jews predominant in the audience as on the stage.

Why talk of drama in New York? There isn't any to speak of—especially in summer. The "Follies" are the whole thing. Seats are \$5 each at the scalper's and he just telephones the box office for them after you've been told the house is sold out. Still, the "Follies" are worth it. The color and the evolutions, the scenic effects, the faint, delicate flavor of indecency, the quick-flashing suggestiveness are effective. Eddie Cantor's "The Kind of a Baby for Me" is all the mustard. Will Rogers' lariat-swinging monologue and Bert Williams' black-face stuff are among the lesser stage's best things. The patriotic stuff is too strong. It creaks frightfully, even though Victor Herbert did write the music. Walter Cattel as *Woodrow Wilson*, entirely surrounded by sylphs in minus habiliments, is a bit too much I should say. But it's "what the people want." Not New Yorkers solely; we yaps from the provinces eat it up as ravenously as they. I'm glad that "Peter Ibbetson" was not playing across the street. I might have gone in and heard *Peter* getting off something about a hard-boiled egg.



The State of the Drama

It was after the "Follies" that a critic and author told me about the drama. I summarize. The drama is not written to the minds and hearts of women these days, but to their equatorial sections. Why is there no American drama? Because there's no man who is putting on plays who knows drama when he sees it. Frohman didn't. He put on London and Paris successes here, made money here out of them, lost it in London, and died a poor man. The United States isn't unlike other parts of the world. Good plays are written and produced in other countries. Thousands of Americans are writing plays. They cannot all be bad. The conclusion is that those who select the plays don't select the good ones because they can't. And if a good play does happen into their hands, what happens? It is held for a time and the author gets it back with the usual perfunctory regrets. Then he drops into some theater some night all unsuspectingly and sees a play that is strangely familiar in situation and dialogue. No wonder: it is his own play, rewritten by someone in the pay of the manager. A case of this was proved on Belasco in the matter of "The Return of Peter Grimm." You can't trust your play out of your own hands. The managers won't present an author's play. Managers insist on rewriting plays to suit the people. Odd that they should, considering that manager-written plays are such whopping failures. If they would put on a play, occasionally, as an author writes it, they might make more money. Every dramatist tells the same story: that the managers insist on fixing over plays to suit their needs and usually fix them so that they fail. They will even

insist on fixing over a musician's score to make a song conform to managerial notions. That is why all current music is alike. As with the spoken drama, so with the movies. The movies are bad because they are put up by fellows who don't know anything about drama. They don't let the author of a scenario have a word to say about its presentation. A scenario is accepted and then it is turned over to the camera men to be filmed without regard to the author's idea. The camera man is not looking for anything new. What he wants is every film as nearly as possible like something that got 'em up in their seats before. That's why the movies are all alike. Originality is dangerous; the people aren't used to it. Stick to the thing we know has been getting a hand for a thousand years. Well—what about it? The theater has got to be a paying venture. It can't run on failures. Managers can't sacrifice profits to art or ideas, and experimentation costs money in these days of the high cost of producing. The state should subsidize the drama, and the movie. It could stand the failures, for the successes would more than make up for them. A popular play produced by the state theater, shown in all the other theaters would yield profit on a small royalty basis. The state should subsidize a movie theater conducted by a large national corporation made up of people above suspicion and the films of the concern should be shown at a fair charge all over the country, through co-operation with boards of education. Only in some such way, through a carefully controlled and regulated monopoly, can the moving picture be related properly to education. It is doubtful if any of the present big film companies can do the work. Most of them are in the hands of business doctors, being treated for anaemia. If you would know why, read an article in one of the movie papers or magazines entitled "A Business Without Brains." The denunciation is severe but insufficient. The movie business has been taken up by ex-card sharps, touts, collar-button peddlers and the like, fellows who can't wait to develop a thing but must cop off all there is in sight at once, as it were, before the police get wise. They are running the business into the ground because they won't consider it is anything but business, because they won't let people of intelligence or taste, in the general sense, have anything to do with making the movies. All this the author and critic told me. "But," said I, "see the crowds at the movies." He smiled patronizingly—"No place else to go," he said. "The movies are bad; the spoken play is worse. The movies are cheaper." And we resolved, notwithstanding all, like Sam Johnson and Richard Savage, to "stand by our country."



About a Sunken Garden

NEW YORK can cackle louder and longer over a very small egg than any other of our municipalities. Just now the burg is celebrating with many words a proposal, not yet brought to realization, of a sunken garden in Central park. That is, some are celebrating and some are knocking, exactly as was the case with the proposal to build a parkway in St. Louis. Cities are very much alike. "Hell is a city very much like London." It has been proposed to convert the Croton reservoir in Central park into a sunken garden, with magnificent fountains and all the other trimmings. The reservoir covers quite a goodly acreage. It is not needed, now that New York has its new water supply. As soon as the proposal was broached there arose a roar. It was led by that brilliant socialist, John Reed, who exposed for us the aesthetic ideals of William Jennings Bryan. The burden of the roar is that a sunken garden can be enjoyed only by millionaires in their automobiles. Central park belongs to the people. The rich enjoy it. A sunken garden would be only another delight for the few paid for by the many. And so forth. Good political dope, you see. It may be made an issue in the mayoralty campaign for Morris Hillquit. Or Ranny Hearst may take it up in his paranoiac papers. For Hearst is a friend of the peepul. Tammany has been talking of nominating him for mayor, to beat John Puroy Mitchel—but Tammany is afraid and so is

Hearst. John Reed makes a good case against the sunken garden idea. That is, it's a good case except for the fact that when I go into Central park I don't find that the millionaires have any monopoly of it. When I go through the millionaire streets I see all their houses boarded up. The plutocrats are out of town. In the park I meet just plain folks. I doubt if the millionaires would get as much out of the sunken garden as would *hoi polloi*. It is not difficult for *hoi polloi* to get to the park if they want to go. A sunken garden rightly designed is a beautiful thing. The question is whether the old reservoir cannot be put to better use. A children's playground is suggested, a playground for a million children, with a vast swimming pool. Then too the reservoir would make a splendid site for a municipal theater. Mr. Percy Mackaye could design the theater and write the plays, pageants and masques for it too. Mr. Mackaye could tell New Yorkers about St. Louis' municipal theater and her swimming pools. His work inaugurated our municipal theater movement and gave us our excellent Pageant Chorus. New York is thinking of taking up community singing. It can learn much from St. Louis' experience in choric work. It would be a great thing for New York if it could have such communal dramatic and musical performances as "As You Like It" and "Aida" and "Pagliacci." There is room enough on the reservoir site for a municipal theater and a playground and swimming pool. New York is big enough to take on three such enterprises at once. That the city is fairly awake on the subject I gather from the announcement that a certain Alderman Drescher has taken steps to have all the spiked iron fences and chicken or hog wire fences removed from the park. The discussion of the sunken garden proposal is almost certain to result in a modification of it. Probably Central park as a whole will be fixed up. It needs surfacing. The soil is washed off in spots and patches of gneiss show forth. It looks like Uncle Sam Gompers' head when he takes off that skull cap. The park should have about three feet of new earth spread over it in order to save it. And a committee of public safety should start out some night and smash all the central park statues, or nearly all. While the committee is about it, what's the matter with smashing all the New York statues, with the exception of St. Gaudens' "Farra-gut." The statues of New York are worse than

(Continued on page 501)

The Loom

By Edgar Lee Masters

MY brother, the god, and I grow sick
Of heaven's heights.
We plunge to the valley to hear the tick
Of days and nights.
We walk and loiter around the Loom
To see, if we may,
The Hand that smashes the beam in the gloom
To the shuttle's play;
Who grows the wool, who cards and spins,
Who clips and ties;
For the storied weave of the Gobelins,
Who draughts and dyes.

But whether you stand or walk around
You shall but hear
A murmuring life, as it were, the sound
Of bees or a sphere.
No Hand is seen, but still you may feel
A pulse in the thread,
And thought in every lever and wheel
Where the shuttle sped,
Dripping the colors, as crushed and urged—
Is it cochineal?—
Shot from the shuttle, woven and merged
A tale to reveal.
Woven and wound in a bolt and dried
As it were a plan.
Closer I looked at the thread and cried
The thread is man!

Then my brother curious, strong and bold,
Tugged hard at the bolt
Of the woven life; for a length unrolled
The cryptic cloth.
He gasped for labor, blind for the moult
Of the up-winged moth,
While I saw a growth and a mad crusade
That the Loom had made;
Land and water and living things,
Till I grew afraid
For mouths and claws and devil wings,
And fangs and stings,
And tiger faces with eyes of hell
In caves and holes.
And eyes in terror and terrible
For awakened souls.

I stood above my brother, the god
Unwinding the roll.
And a tale came forth of the woven slain
Sequent and whole,
Of flint and bronze, trowel and hod,
The wheel and the plane,
The carved stone and the graven clod
Painted and baked.
And cromlechs, proving the human heart
Has always ached;
Till it puffed with blood and gave to art
The dream of the dome;
Till it broke and the blood shot up like fire
In tower and spire.

And here was the Persian, Jew and Goth
In the weave of the cloth;
Greek and Roman, Ghibbeline, Guelph,
Angel and elf.
They were dyed in blood, tangled in dreams
Like a comet's streams.
And here were surfaces red and rough
In the finished stuff,
Where the knotted thread was proud and rebelled
As the shuttle proved
The fated warp and woof that held
When the shuttle moved;
And pressed the dye which ran to loss
In a deep maroon
Around an altar, oracle, cross
Or a crescent moon.
Around a face, a thought, a star
In a riot of war.

Then I said to my brother, the god, let be,
Though the thread be crushed,
And the living things in the tapestry
Be woven and hushed;
The Loom has a tale, you can see, to tell,
And a tale has told.
I love this Gobelin epical
Of scarlet and gold.
If the heart of a god may look in pride
At the wondrous weave
It is something better to Hands which guide—
I see and believe.

The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XX. THE PURPLE JACKAL AND THE FUTURE BUDDHA.
ABOUT the year 1890 I contracted my copy of the Hitopadesa from the third or fourth shelf of an old bookstore for not over twenty-five cents in connection with a Sanskrit grammar into which I had relapsed severely after having been infected with Sanskrit poetry by Sir William Jones. I forgave Sir William his title and the ribbon he wears on his coat. He wrote a real English ode—perhaps the only one: "What Constitutes a State?" When republics are falling; when justice is trampled under foot; when liberty is driven with her back to

the wall, we need have no fear for the future if the first ten lines of that ode will spring spontaneous from the heart to the lips of ten thousand Americans—

"Who feel the blow when the weak
Are struck by the hand of the strong."

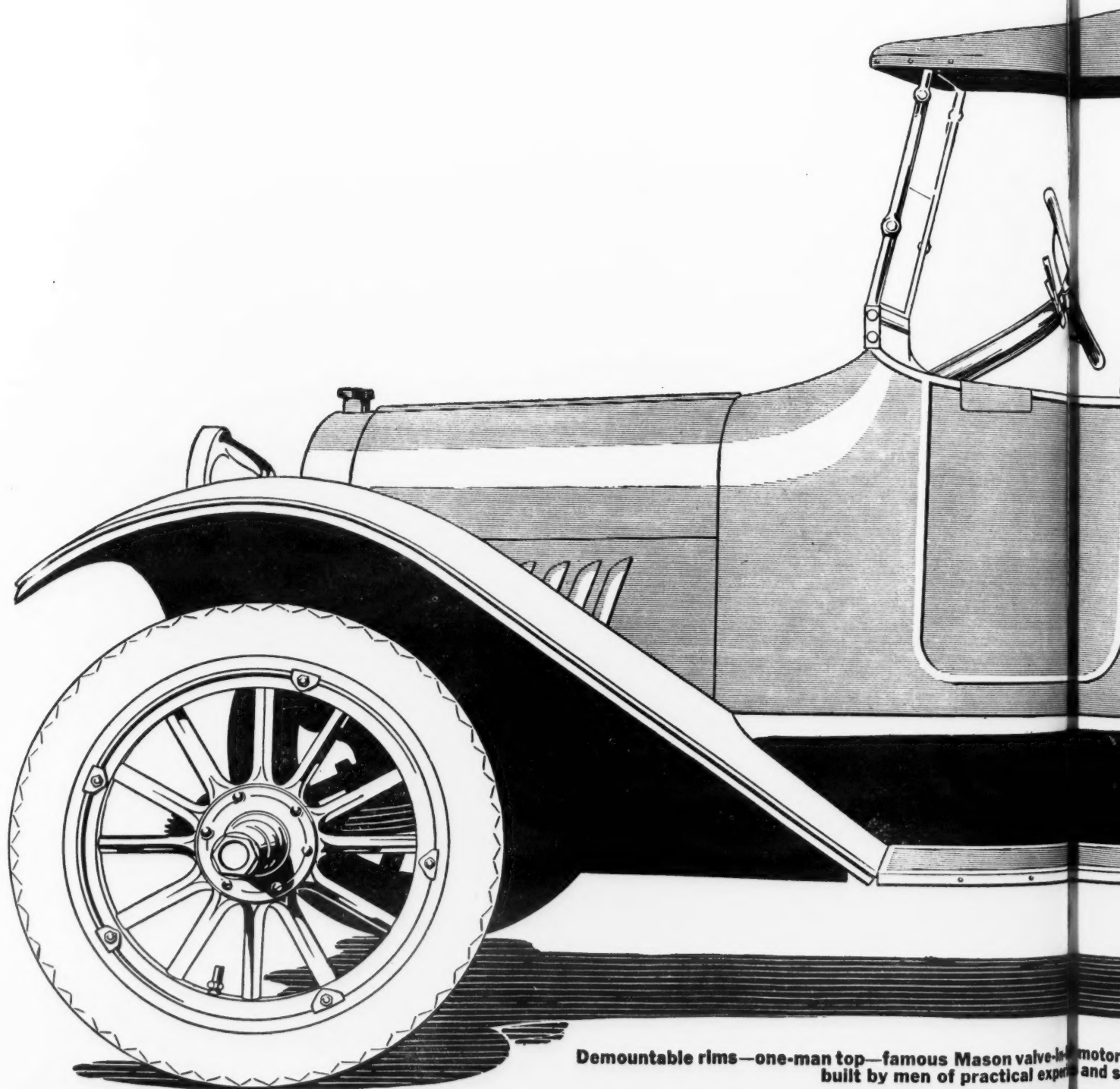
The man who wrote "What Constitutes a State?" might have become the greatest of all English poets, but they sent him to India at a sufficient salary to govern Hindoos. Accordingly he became merely a knight and the greatest English "orientalist" who ever lived. And so I contracted from him the Hitopadesa as aforesaid. All who frequent old bookstores are liable to such contagions. They never know what they will catch. They may think themselves in perfect health on coming out with a great bargain under their arms. A month later they may be broken out intellectually with some pernicious eruption which will leave them marked for life. While I can boast of making an almost complete recovery from Sanskrit grammar, having only a few pits left, I have not recovered from the Hitopadesa in English as translated by Charles Wilkins. I can recommend it to all who wish to avoid the experience of the purple jackal when that unusual animal had escaped to the woods after falling into the vat of the village dyer whose premises he was undertaking to plunder. According to Mr. Wilkins the dye in the vat was blue. The assumption that it may have been, and perhaps was, a royal purple is the result of a little "conjectural emendation" of my own, such as we may frequently make in footnotes, displaying our learning when, as in this case, we know nothing whatever about it and are merely showing our superiority to the man who does. In this instance I admit that according to Mr. Wilkins the jackal was dyed a bright blue and not a royal purple after his escape to the forest, where he was elected king of all the beasts on the ground that he was a new species of animal whose extraordinary color showed higher virtues than were ever known before. He still had the odor of the jackal and when the first political crisis came he acted naturally in every way except that he succeeded in refraining from howling. The tiger, however, disliked him because of his eminence and his odor. Now, though our best qualities may be unsuspected by our intimate friends, our worst are sure to be known by our intimate enemies. (See p. 196.) Hence when the tiger succeeded by stratagem in inducing this royal blue—or purple—benefactor of the beasts to howl, they immediately recognized him as a jackal, and the tiger's appetite being good on a "meatless day" the reform which followed ended satisfactorily in the withdrawal of the jackal from office and his immediate disappearance from public life.

This experience may be very valuable to future Buddhas in connection with that of the cormorant, who after feeding on everything else could not be satisfied without swallowing a live crab for the sake of the experiment. The main point, however, is that no Old Bookman is ever qualified by old books for becoming a Buddha. Even if he thinks he knows as much as the Completely Educated, he has not made a start in the only real education there is—which is from life itself. If he is undertaking to become a Buddha, he may succeed in 10,000,000 years. He will be born over and over, until he will really know what life means. Then he will say to a fisherman: "I have been one of the worms you are impaling on your hook." And when the rajah offers to make him prime minister he will remark: "I was one of the peasants you are subjecting to selective compulsory training in civic virtue." So we may learn from the Hitopadesa that a future Buddha will actually know what the rest of us think we know. Ask him "What is religion?" and he will answer: "Compassion for all things that have life." But 10,000,000 years seem a long time if we make up our minds to begin learning things of that kind. It is much easier and quicker to excite profound admiration with a view to eminence after falling into a dye-vat.

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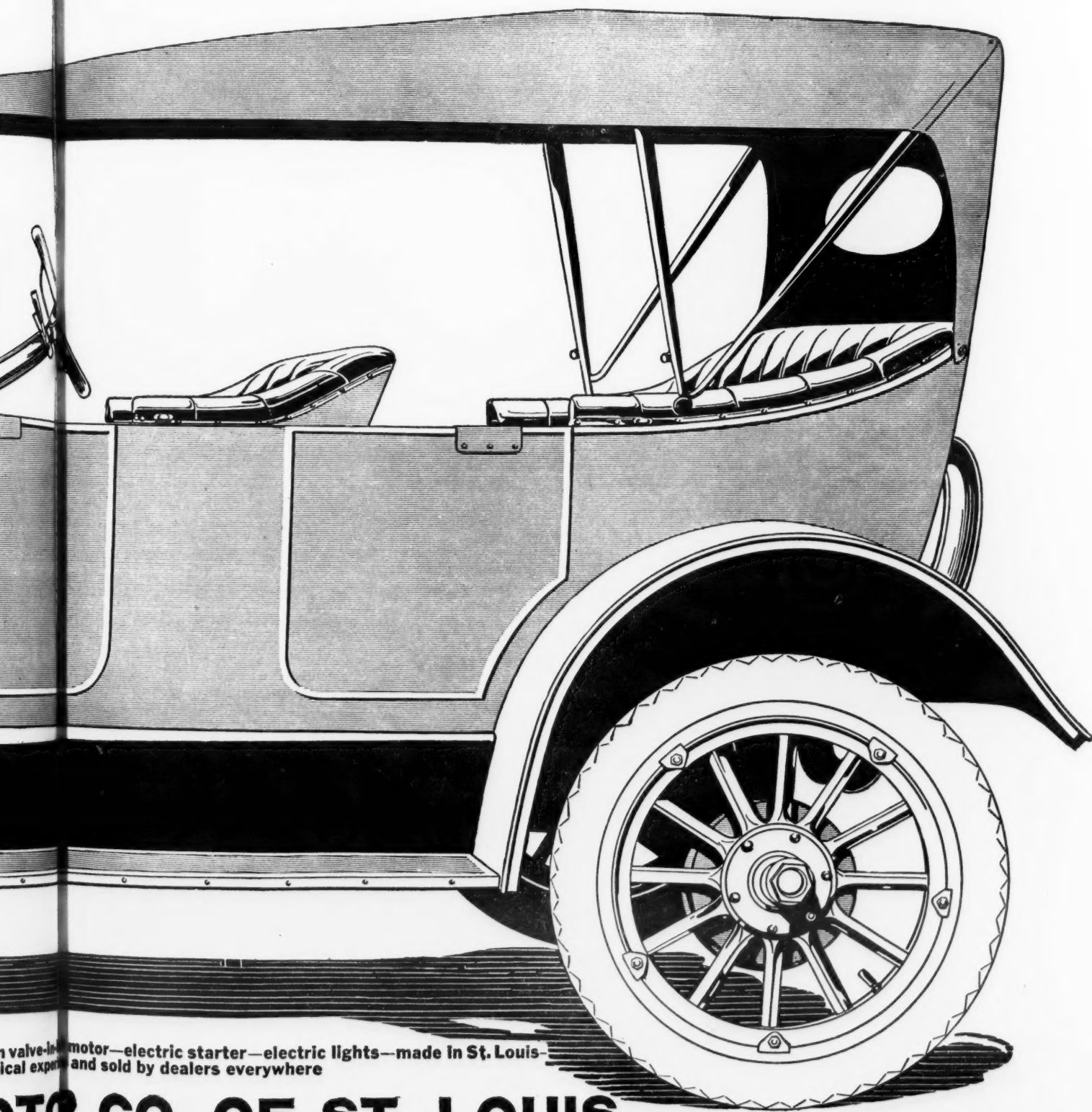
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Letters From the People

Fourth City?

St. Louis, July 26, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In a recent article "a St. Louisan" urged the establishment of a central bureau of information for the benefit of the city's visitors, to the end that they might pleasantly see the best side of the city and form a liking for her which would logically terminate in citizenship.

Apropos, the city of Buffalo, modestly rating herself as tenth in point of size in the United States, distributes the "New Citizens' Handbook" compiled by Edwin A. Rumball, general secretary of the civic education association, being a simple manual of information for Buffalo immigrants who wish to become American citizens. This booklet, which is to be printed in Polish, Italian, Hungarian and other immigrant languages, sets forth in the plainest terms just how to proceed toward naturalization. "The first step necessary is to establish a residence. After this has been done the Declaration of Intention to become a citizen may be made in the United States naturalization office in the Post-Office building on Ellicott street, or at the county clerk's office in the city and county hall on Franklin street. The applicant does not need to have anyone accompany him. The cost for obtaining a declaration is one dollar, to be paid to the clerk when the paper is signed. The applicant does not need to be able to sign his name; signature by mark will be sufficient," is the way the instructions begin; then follow information on further steps necessary, copies of the papers the applicant will be required to sign, what he must know in order to successfully answer the questions of the federal examiner and the judge of the naturalization court. The latter includes a rudimentary knowledge of the constitution, civil government and history of the United States. While the immigrant is learning about his new country, the Buffalo authorities see to it that he learns something of his adopted city by supplying a hundred facts which every citizen of Buffalo should know. And he is said to the credit of the city of Buffalo that these hundred facts are useful facts which every citizen really should know. A table of money and measures shows the value of coin and measurements in the standards of the mother country. Buffalo assumes towards its immigrant the position of counselor and friend. Buffalo says to the immigrant, "Should you or any member of your family become sick it is best to consult one of the city physicians or nurses at the health centers," and the addresses of five centers are given. The immigrant is told where to go for adult education—night schools—and the subjects taught; he is told where to go for social service and is urged to become affiliated with some organization of his own people; the city bath houses and their advantages are invitingly called to his attention; he is told where to go for further information on naturalization, employment, the use of the free library and in the matter of buying farms. Sound advice is given, as for example: "Fertile land is cheap . . . but don't buy a farm unless there

is sufficient capital for the first year. Don't buy a farm if your wife does not like farm life. Don't buy a farm without farming experience. Conditions of climate and soil differ greatly in this country; find out how the last owner prospered. There must be good schools for your children. . . . Beware of farm agents; let a responsible lawyer search the title and make the contract." The immigrant is counseled to study this information rather than memorize it, and to facilitate this an index is provided. Also charts of the Erie county and Buffalo city governments.

If despite these precautionary instructions and the good intent of the city as a whole the immigrant should find himself "deceived, defrauded or exploited," he is informed where he may obtain responsible legal advice free of charge. Moreover, the names and addresses of the various foreign consuls are given.

If we of St. Louis would concern ourselves with the welfare of our immigrants—beyond perfunctory contributions made semi-occasionally to the Provident association and the Salvation

Our Seventh August Sale of Furs

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Savings of 15 to 30%



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army—and visitors, perhaps we should not have cause to question estimates made upon our population. What advantage or disadvantage is there anyway in being termed fourth or tenth city? Is it not rather what we have and what we give that counts?

MARY MARVIN CASEY.



Meaning Whom?

St. Louis, July 24, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The laws of the United States provide that no American citizen shall be allowed to expatriate himself while this country is at war. Recently the son of a most prominent American was permitted to withdraw from the Plattsburg training camp and accept a commission in the British army. He probably acted upon

the assumption that England and America are one, but upon what theory did the U. S. authorities act considering that our army is so sadly in need of capable officers?

AARON MORTON.



Minister—And do you forgive your enemies?

Penitent—Well, I can't say I exactly forgive them, but I do my best to put them in a position where I can sympathize with them.—Life.



A lady who had just received an interesting bit of news said to her little daughter: "Marjorie, dear, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin." "Well," said Marjorie, wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick?"

Reflections

(Continued from page 497)

the statues of St. Louis, with the exception of the "Shakespeare" in Tower Grove park. I should say that the sunken garden project is not going through. President Willcox of the Board of Education has given it a bad black eye in an interview. "It is imperative," he said, "that there be plenty of play room for our children. The one pressing demand is for play room, and if any park space becomes available this purpose should have the first call. Any merely scenic purpose should be relegated to the rear in these stressful times. It is unthinkable that formalized scenery should gain consideration over the urgently needed play space." Alderman Drescher is organizing the protestants against the sunken garden and the proponents of the plan will have hard work getting the necessary appropriations. The sunken garden is likely to go the way of St. Louis' parkway.



A Mosquito Fleet of Submarines

I SAT at the Nikko Inn up in Westchester county with a famous publicist and inventor. We talked about the war, or rather he talked. He has an idea I think well enough of to condense in its general outlines, without quotation marks. The war can only be won by two things, the embargo and the mastery of the submarine. The former is working. Probably a hundred ships fully cargoes are held in American harbors. Fifty of them are at New York "eating their heads off." They cannot leave without a guarantee that their goods consigned to Sweden, Denmark, Holland, will not be sent to Germany. Fritjof Nansen is here to plead that we shall not starve Scandinavia to defeat Germany. We can't help it, so long as the little North sea neutrals help Germany. The best we can do is put them on rations. The embargo is already effective. But nothing is doing apparently against the submarines. The submarine problem has not been solved. Its solution has been prevented by the acceptance of the dictum of Simon Lake and some others that the submarines cannot be fought with submarines. But submarines can be fought with submarines. They need not be fought with big submarines. Little ones will do. We don't have to use the big Diesel oil engines that are so heavy and costly. We can use gas-combustion engines. There is a way to ventilate the boats so that there will be no danger of explosion of vapors. There's no use in building submarines at a million dollars each. They can be put up at a cost of \$200,000 each, made quickly submersible and not necessarily swift. We should build a lot of these little fellows, as many of them as we are building airplanes. The two could work together. The small submarines could see the big ones, but the big ones couldn't see the little ones. The idea is a mosquito fleet of submarines, spread out all over the presently infested sea. The North sea with two or three thousand little submarines working in it, each with a radius of operation of one hundred miles, would be pretty well covered. Those little fellows could

spot the big fellows at night, when all submarines come to the surface, plug them with torpedoes and get away. That is the general idea of fighting the submarine with the submarine. It is pretty clearly shown that the warship and the armed merchantman cannot do more than chase the submarines away and escape. More than that is needed. The little submarines working with the airplane would soon solve the problem of breaking the German blockade. Now all this looks good to me, even though I remember that Henry Ford suggested a one-man submarine, of which someone said it was a good idea to have a Ford submarine but how the devil was a fellow to get out and crank the darn thing? When I cited to the inventor the fact that the American transports had got their men to Europe and had not been submarined, he replied: "That was not because the submarines were afraid of our convoy gun-fire. Not at all. The transports were passed up by the submarines because the Germans know very well that if they sank one or more of our transports they would only inflame the present rather lukewarm war spirit of the people of the United States. Germany is not trying to make us any hotter for war than we are. She doesn't want to hurt us until or more than she has to, for she reckons that she will need us in our least unfriendly spirit in the peace congress after the war. That's why German propaganda in this country consists in pacifistic throwing of cold water on the war spirit, questioning the constitutionality of sending troops out of the country, attacking conscription as involuntary servitude and all that sort of thing." I believe that the war board at Washington has the mosquito fleet of submarines under consideration. It can be built as quickly through standardization of parts as the airplanes the country is now constructing.



The Chatter of the Chancellors

THIS (Monday) morning I read the statements of Chancellor Michaelis of Germany and Foreign Minister Czernin von Chudenitz of Austria-Hungary as to peace terms. They agree in declaring for peace without conquest. Dr. Michaelis exposes what he says are the plans of the Entente, including the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, Saarbrücken and vast territorial modifications on the left bank of the Rhine, and an occupation of Syria. It is said the Russian foreign minister objected to this and it is said further that an agreement of the Entente to the French plans was the occasion of the Russian revolutionists' declaration for peace without annexations or indemnities. Italy too has had guarantees of great territorial gains. All this Dr. Michaelis says is gathered from the interpellations and debates in the secret session of the Chamber of Deputies on June 2. Evidently there were good German reporters present at that session. The Michaelis argument is that Germany is ready for peace but the Entente is not. Evidently the Entente doesn't know it is beaten. I gather from both statements that Germany wants peace, but does not declare her terms though asserting herself victorious. She doesn't say she will give up Belgium or the occupied part of France, or Poland, or Serbia or Montenegro or Rumania.

Such a declaration is the *conditio sine qua non* to peace as the Entente considers the situation. Therefore all the talk of Michaelis is mere words. How much truth there is in his report of the secret session of the French chamber we must wait to hear. It seems to me, however, that the tone of Count Czernin's reply to Lloyd-George is more pacific than that of Michaelis. Czernin lays stress upon the Entente's plans for the economic isolation of the Teutons and the incitement to enmity after the war. He echoes the recent *Reichstag* resolution and says the Vienna government seeks only an honorable peace, which means much or little as the speaker means it. Dr. Michaelis' statement seems addressed more to Russia than to anyone else. It is calculated to incite the Socialists to more revolt against the war. Especially it is aimed to discredit France with the Russians, who have cared more for France than for Great Britain in this war. Czernin favors mildly the democratization of Teutonic institutions but says that the Teutons will do it without intervention from the outside. That is the only real reply that has been made thus far to the American, French and British insistence that they would treat only with a democratized Germany and Austria. "We do not interfere in the internal affairs of other states," says Czernin, "and we demand complete reciprocity in this matter." Fine, but how about the *demarché* to Serbia and the drive through Belgium? There's interference for you. Still Czernin's statements is upon the whole propitiatory. It is not a defiance but a plea for peace by understanding. It seems to me that Michaelis puts on the loud and Czernin the soft pedal, because each is playing to a different audience at home. The simultaneousness of the statements indicates that they were prepared to fit in with each other. Czernin can afford to be propitiatory; Michaelis can not. It seems that taking the two statements together, the position of the Teutons is indicative of willingness to negotiate. There is no note of *Deutschland ueber Alles* in them. They are not so haughty as was Lloyd-George's last utterance on the peace question. For myself, I believe that Britons and Germans have recently been talking peace, semi-officially, in Copenhagen. A conference is being held there or was held there recently ostensibly to discuss the matter of exchanging prisoners. No one supposes that the conference was confined to that one subject. The conferees must have talked about peace terms. But while talk proceeds, Germany fights and the chancellor's statement is a bomb thrown into the camp of revolutionary Russia, to keep Russia from effective, united participation in the war.



Food and Chorus Girls

SEEMS to me I read something in the papers to the effect that the hotel-keepers of Gotham were to co-operate in the food conservation movement. It wasn't true. Most things in the papers are not. All Gotham gormandizes as usual. There's a plenitude of food everywhere, though I had an order of sole at Sherry's one noon that was so small it was nearly invisible. At the resorts round about New York there is a plenitude of grub of all kinds and

qualities. When you get in accidentally among the swells you have to pay swell prices. Why kick when you're out of your class? Pay your scot and smile. Be a sport. I must confess that what gets me is the omnipresent shore dinner. If you are from the west everybody wants to throw a shore dinner into you. Perhaps they think you are a "pore benighted 'eathen" and that you need fish to strengthen your brain. I've eaten a lot of shore dinners—sea food and ice cream or watermelon. I guess I've got no brain, for what the shore dinner gives me certainly isn't headache. Far other, I assure you. The shore dinner is making great business for the doctors. Clams, lobster, ice cream and watermelon! Wow! Then there are the visits to the Waldorf-Astoria, the Biltmore, the St. Regis, Sherry's, Delmonico's. Say, it's me for the cleanly white restaurants of the omnipresent Mr. Childs. There you eat with the common people and you get uncommonly good grub. I'm told that John D. Rockefeller is the financial prop of the Childs' chain of eating-houses. If so, a white mark for John D. He is a benefactor. Good cooking is more useful to the world than the Rockefeller Foundation. If New York went in more for Childs and less for style, 'twere better for the metropolis. Childs is the Fred Harvey of the east—good food, moderate cost. But if you want music and dancing and ice carnivals with your meals you must pay for it; that's all. You pay for it in a *concert* charge of a dollar or two. The musical comedy funny men make fun of the *concert* charge, and everybody calls it hard names but everybody pays it. For my part I think that the charge is not excessive for such a pretty midnight show as Healy's "Golden Glides." I have made diligent inquiry among friends in New York for a place where you can dine without music. I gather that if a man started such a place he would be arrested for *lese majeste* against the Musicians' Union. There must be as many musicians in New York as waiters and chauffeurs and chorus girls. It is the vogue now for chorus girls to show sunburn. It helps some, though, supposedly, they might, an' they would, show more than they do. The chorus girl, as I have briefly observed her, the Missus being on this trip with me, is not ravishingly beautiful. She seems to be too automatic and more concerned with certain individuals in the audience than with co-operation for effective *tout ensemble*. The chorus girl is getting all swelled up, too, since the managers have been printing her name in the programme—for purposes of identification to the Johnnies. I can't recall just here how I've come to write about chorus girls when I started out to write about Childs' restaurants. I don't suppose a theater lady would eat at Childs' for anything. She breakfasts, dines and sups on pearls dissolved in wine and rides in a high-powered car. Still, at nearly fifty-five I confess that I am not as authoritative on this subject as once I thought I was.



A Poor Play's Hit

THE other night I went to see a play that has been running a year in New York. "Turn to the Right" it is called. It is the worst constructed play that I

ever saw—worse than amateurish—but it "gets there." It combines the convict motive and "The Old Homestead" atmosphere. There are two serio-comic crooks who go straight, after a funny episode involving safe-cracking, pocket-picking and restitution by "dip" methods. One of the crooks is played by Edward S. Abeles whom I could not identify on the stage as the same youth who starred in "Brewster's Millions" and carried off superbly some young gentleman parts in Wilde comedies. In the long ago Abeles was the *Post-Dispatch* office boy. John A. Cockerill was the managing editor then. The office boy scribbled verses about the city editor's room. He was only eleven years old. The *Post-Dispatch* printed them and made the author famous. He did not seek poetry and ensue it, but went on the stage. His career has been a brilliant one, but I never expected to see him in such a part as he has in "Turn to the Right." Well does he fill it, to be sure, but it is not the sort of thing for which he was cut out. His crook-partner in the play, a Mr. Meehan, is more of a factor in the show, so much so that I look to see his name high up among the country's best comedians in the near future. But why a play like "Turn to the Right" can run a year in New York I can't see. The plot is moth-eaten. The dialogue is dreary except in spots and at those spots one suspects the actors of getting their effects by "gagging" their way through. The success of the thing can only be explained on the theory that there are in New York every night an hundred thousand transients who have nothing else to do but go to the theater—any old theater—to kill time. Maybe the play is just the thing for the come-ons; it is so "good," virtue gets so thunderingly the best of it, and there's such a shrewdly successful though highly improbable deal in peach jam for the working out of the piece. But here I am finding fault with it after getting a dozen or more good laughs out of it in course of its unfoldment. A New York success, it is proclaimed. It won't get past Hoboken "on the road." People have more sense and less money for foolishness when they are at home than when they are in New York.

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About St. Louis Products

WHEREVER I go I am asked about four things concerning St. Louis and Missouri. Why are Senators Stone and Reed? How about the East St. Louis race riots? What is bevo? How about the spook literature out there? I prefer to let Messrs. Stone and Reed explain themselves, if they can. They can very well say they have a right to participate in government, even in opposition to President Wilson or Herbert Hoover. And some day these two men and some others will come out and explain fully how the President has "passed the buck" to congress and "put it in bad" with the people. The East St. Louis race riots are just a conflict of men seeking the same jobs. Bevo is the beerless beer, that looks like beer and tastes like beer and has only one-fourth of one per cent of alcohol in it. "Bevo" is a thing the drinking world is curious about. The trouble is that the thing can't be manufactured fast enough to meet the demand. The east yearns for our beerless

beer. Milwaukee has imitated it, basely. A soft drink that isn't sickly sweet and insipid is a long-felt want. St. Louis supplies it. Too bad we can't supply all that is needed. St. Louis will have a tremendous lead on all the other cities when the whole country goes for prohibition. As for spook literature, St. Louis has no monopoly of it. Sir Oliver Lodge's book "Raymond, or Life and Death" is spook stuff, strongly endorsed by no less a person than Maurice Maeterlinck. It is one of the heavy sellers on the list of Holt who publishes the works of Patience Worth. To those prone to believe, Sir Oliver's book clearly demonstrates communication between his son, killed in the trenches, and himself. The Patience Worth works don't seek to prove explicitly communication between the dead and the living. The demonstration is implicit. I don't care for that. Their excellent literary form interests me. The books prove that someone producing them possesses a literary gift, conscious or subconscious. They

are worth reading and close study, regardless of their authorship. "Jap Herron," imputed to Mark Twain, is a story the greater portion of which I read in manuscript and liked before I knew it came over the ouija board. It may or may not be by Mark Twain. I doubt if anyone could prove either that it is or it is not from the story itself. Mitchell Kennerley, who publishes "Jap Herron," knew Mark Twain, knows a good story and knows that it is selling very well. Some letters to him say that Twain is in the book big as life. Other letters say Twain couldn't have written it. The discussion helps sell the book. Kennerley should worry, not. But Kennerley has two other spook books that are selling big. Both are by Elsa Barker. One is "Letters from a Living Dead Man;" the other is "More Letters from a Living Dead Man." They are letters intensely alive. They are said thoroughly to convey the personality of the man who is said to have written them through the hand of Elsa Barker since his death.

This man was a judge in California. The letters are full of fine passages descriptive, analytically psychological, eloquent and keen in phrase. They touch upon the war in a curious fashion. There is much interest in the war "over there." The demand for the books shows that they have reached the minds and hearts of a great many people. Some thousands of good, sincere folks are as firm believers in the authenticity of these "Letters" as most of us are in the trustworthiness of the news in the daily papers. Many of the letter writers have done automatic writing, under unknown influences, just as Miss Barker has done it. There is no marvel at all about spook literature to great numbers of people, no matter what you or I think about it. Concerning Miss Barker's books I would say that I can see no reason why she should put forth books as coming through her from a dead man, in order to get a hearing. She writes well in her own proper person. A novel of hers "The Son of Mary

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Bethel" is a piece of work that should go on the same shelf with George Moore's "The Brook Kerith." It is the story of the Saviour put into the terms and conditions of humble life of to-day. Moreover, Miss Barker has written good poetry. One remarkably fine poem of hers dealt with Peary's discovery of the North Pole. It is a good poem whether Peary discovered the pole or not. I see that explorer McMillin, back from the north, says that in a place where Peary reported seeing a continent, he, McMillin, saw only a clear horizon. Dr. Cook too reported seeing a long continental shore line, which he named Bradley Land, but later explorers say there is no such land. I still stick to the proposition that Cook's story of finding the pole is as true as Peary's, better written and was written first. It occurs to me that we might get the spooks who are so communicative at present to tell us whether Peary or Cook or either found the pole. Patience Worth won't answer such questions. Mark Twain might. He doubtless had an opinion as between Cook and Peary just as he had as between Bacon and Shakespeare. I believe Miss Barker's "control" has opinions as to the outcome of the war. If he should say that Cook found the pole I'd be inclined to believe him for two reasons. First, I myself believe Cook got as near to the pole as Peary did. Second, Miss Barker wrote the greater part of Peary's book about the pole, as T. Everett Harre, another author whose fiction is hot enough to melt the earth's northern ice cap, wrote the best parts of Cook's story, I am told. It is matter of gossip here that one of the big movie corporations are negotiating for the right to present "The Sorry Tale" by Patience Worth, on films to be made at scene-places of the story in Greece, Rome and Palestine. But that is nothing startling. Mark Twain has given over the ouija board a scenario for a moving picture that has features calling for the utilization of every device known in filmdom to get the effects. I was telling this the other day to Roy L. McCardell, author of "The Jarr Family," "The Diamond in the Sky" and some four hundred scenarios long and short. He said he didn't give a darn. Give him a good secretary and he could turn out more literature of any kind than all the spooks that ever "weegied" over ouija boards. When I told him of "The Sorry Tale" and its 440,000 words, he said: "That's nothing. I can write a scenario of a million words and not go into a trance either, though I may put those who read it or see it into a trance." McCardell is the most prolific of our humorous writers. Indeed, he can write anything. He's a sure shot when called on for anything from an epithalamium to a problem-play. He's won all the big prizes in recent literary contests. He will write advertising booklets, librettos for operas, comic songs, after-dinner speeches—anything that isn't pro-German. There are about seven million readers of his "Jarr Family" articles and they get a lot of laughs out of them. "Bring on your spooks," said he to me. "Let 'em write. I can beat 'em." McCardell talks stuff just as good as he writes and as inextinguishably. In my time I have heard some talkers, but never one like him.

And he never wearies, nor do you. He is a typical old-time journalist, without any "side." He doesn't claim to write "literature;" he writes what people read and understand. He does not share the dread of William Trowbridge Larned of authors' "bread and butter swiped by lady spooks."

England's Blind Soldiers

Among war's saddest sufferers are the soldiers and sailors who have lost their sight. Mr. G. N. Barnes stated in the House of Commons on March 6, 1917, that "some 600 men" had been blinded in the war. There are at present 420 sightless sailors and soldiers being cared for at St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, and its annexes; 260 have passed through the Hostel up to the time of writing, having become proficient in one or more occupations, and there are about 150 in hospital who will shortly enter the "House of Hope;" for this is the name earned by that historic mansion, placed at the disposal of Sir Arthur Pearson by Mr. Otto Kahn at the beginning of the war.

In the first days of the war the Council of the National Institute of the Blind started to devise a practical scheme to help those who would lose their sight. The president of the institute, Sir Arthur Pearson—himself a dweller in the world of darkness—set to work to establish a hostel where these sightless heroes could be received, re-educated, and trained thoroughly to their new condition of living; where, in fact, they could "learn to be blind."

A visit to St. Dunstan's affords an eloquent lesson in courage and optimism under the most poignant of conditions. The first sight of the beautiful grounds, with an arm of Regent's Park lake running into them, in the midst of which the blinded fighters live, makes one vividly aware of the awful loss sustained by the inmates of St. Dunstan's.

By arrangement with the War Office every blinded man is invited to enter St. Dunstan's upon his discharge from the military hospital. Before then, however, he has been through the rudimentary lessons which the blind must learn, the kindergarten course, as it were, at the hospital. All men with badly injured eyes are drafted to the 2nd London General Hospital, Chelsea, or to the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth. Directly they enter these hospitals the sightless men come under the care of members of the staff of St. Dunstan's. Efforts are made during daily visits to arouse the patients' interest; instruction is given in such simple arts as net bag making; preliminary lessons in Braille are also given. By these means, which tend to form a comradeship between the men and their visitors, the newly blinded soldiers or sailors are saved from despondency; they hear of the wonderful fights put up by others as terribly handicapped as themselves; they learn to realize that loss of sight need not mean lack of vision; they begin to place the first bricks of the new foundation on which they must build their fresh life.

Arriving at St. Dunstan's, the blinded man finds there everything that human

ingenuity can devise for his comfort and training. For instance, he is soon able, through the special arrangements which have been made, to find his way about, both indoors and out, with an ease seldom possible to the newly blind. There are paths of linoleum on the floors of the house; on the stone terraces are similar paths of woven wire; warning signals, consisting of boards are laid flush with the ground before walls, steps, doors, trees and other obstacles.

The re-education of the men is divided into three sections: the classroom, the workshop—or training school—and the playground. It is as necessary to re-educate the newly blind in recreation as in work. Between these three sections the men divide their hours of mental and physical activity. Each man spends about two and a half hours daily in studying Braille reading and writing and in learning to manipulate the ordinary typewriter; another two hours and a half are spent in learning some occupation which will enable him, when proficient, to augment his pension, and so earn a living wage. The hours devoted to work and study are short owing to the fact that blindness imposes a great mental strain. The men can, however, spend longer in classroom or workshop if they feel so disposed.

The occupations most suitable to the blind are bootmaking and repairing, carpentry, mat and basket making, Braille shorthand and typewriting, massage, telephone operating, poultry farming, and market gardening. Many men are being trained as cobblers because in six or seven months a sightless man can be taught to sole and heel boots just as well as a workman who has the use of his eyes. In the carpentry shop the men learn to make an assortment of easily salable articles, such as picture frames, tea-trays, cupboards, small tables and the like. As a masseur a sightless man can more than hold his own. At St. Dunstan's the training in massage is conducted on the most modern and scientific principles. Testimony to the value of the skill of blind masseurs already sent out from St. Dunstan's has been received from the authorities. Numbers of these men have situations at military hospitals and are in receipt of a minimum wage of £2 10s. a week. Blind telephone operators have proved as competent as can be desired at exchanges where the drop-shutter system is installed. The operator soon learns to tell by sound alone exactly which of the apparently identical shutters has fallen.

The most amazing department of St. Dunstan's is certainly the poultry farm. At first it seems incredible that a blind man can be taught to manage a poultry farm and market garden unaided. That this is possible, however, is shown at St. Dunstan's, and this hitherto untried industry for blind people has proved very successful. The men are taught on practical, up-to-date lines. They learn to distinguish birds of different breeds by touch, to manage incubators, to prepare and truss birds for the table, to grade eggs, and to judge the weight and condition of birds. In addition to learning how to conduct a poultry farm as a paying concern, the blind men are taught to manage a market garden. The scheme

which enables sightless men to achieve what it would be justifiable to suppose impossible is strangely simple. The model farm at St. Dunstan's needs to be seen before the ingenuity of it all can be appreciated. Imagine a square plot of land, hedged with a high wire fence. In the center of it stands the hen-house. From each of the four corners of this hen-house a wire partition is stretched to the farthest corners of the surrounding square patch of land. The plot is thus divided into four triangles. At each of the triangles' sides doors are fitted. The blind farmer starts his year's round by putting his chickens into triangle No. 1. There they remain for a specified period. When the time comes for them to be driven through the doorway into triangle Number 2 the farmer starts to dig and sow triangle Number 1. After another interval it is time for the chickens to be moved on to triangle Number 3, in order that Number 2 can be cultivated, and so the system works, until, at the end of the four seasons, the chickens reach triangle Number 1 again, which, in the meantime, has borne its crop of vegetables. By means of various cunning arrangements of gates, railings, pens and coops, the blind farmer can catch any particular fowl he may desire, collect the eggs, and generally superintend everything with entire success.

An important adjunct to this instruction in poultry farming is the opportunity which is afforded to relatives of the blinded men to learn the methods taught at St. Dunstan's. At a poultry farm in the Midlands a man's wife, mother, or other relative is given, free of all charge, a six weeks' course of instruction. This thoughtful arrangement ensures intelligent co-operation in the man's work on the part of a relative.

The duration of the training at St. Dunstan's depends upon the capacity of the individual and the nature of his work. The average time is about eight months. The principal reason why progress is far more rapid than was usual with the blind is to be found in the employment of blind teachers. "The feeling of helplessness and incompetence which must invariably be the outcome of sudden blindness," Sir Arthur Pearson has stated, "is almost entirely removed by the fact that the men from whom instruction is obtained are men who have themselves lost their sight. The pupil knows that the teacher is utilizing methods which he himself has found the best under precisely the same circumstances of disability."

Among the men who have left St. Dunstan's and have been settled at their work, provided with plant, given stocks of raw material, and otherwise started in life, there are a number whose earnings are on a higher scale than before the war.

The blind man is not left entirely on his own when discharged from the Hostel. Arrangements are made, under an after-care system, for supervising the men's work, which might tend to deteriorate without some such stimulus.

Brief mention must be made of the men's sports and recreations. They row, swim—many having learnt since losing their sight—compete in walking and

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running races and tugs-of-war, play push ball, punish the punching ball, have two dances every week, with numerous concerts, lectures, and other entertainments. Most of the men play some kind of instrument; there is a debating society which is very popular, and dominoes, chess and cards are also enjoyed.

Most of the enthusiastic and tireless workers at St. Dunstan's give their full time voluntarily.—*From the London Saturday Review.*

♦♦♦

Larry Boyle was one of the substantial men of a thriving western town. "I hear you boys are going on a hike," he said one day to a soldier. "When you come to Snake river take a good look; it is full of undercurrents and eddies. I am the only living man who ever swam that river." Some days later the men crossed the river on a cable ferry and the ferryman casually inquired of a

waiting soldier: "You don't happen to know a man down in your country by the name of Larry Boyle, do you? They tell me he's got rich." "Yes," said the soldier, "I was talking to him the other day. He told me he swam Snake river once." "That's right," said the ferryman. "He sure did, but we was all shooting at him."—*Argonaut.*

♦♦♦

There was a timid knock at the door. "If you please, kind lady," the beggar said, "I've lost my right leg—" "Well, it ain't here," retorted the lady of the house, and slammed the door.—*New York Times.*

♦♦♦

Weary Mike (at the telephone)—Say, kin I talk to Mr. McAfee?
Operator—What is his number please?
Weary Mike—Wot! Is he pinched? Again?—*Lincoln Telephone News.*

♦♦♦

Ephraim got into trouble in Waco county and beat the sheriff over the line by three jumps. He migrated to a distant part of the state, and seeking a livelihood, turned to preaching. He prospered in the new community, which knew nothing of his past in Waco. Then, one night at camp-meeting, Ephraim looked from the platform into the eyes

of a man in a front row. The new arrival was not a stranger. He was from Waco county. Ephraim led through the singing and then the time for the preaching came. He snopped his brow and began: "Bredren, Ah was goin' to preach dis evenin' on a tex' out er de Ol' Testament. But it's done put in mah min' to change. An' dis is de tex' now from Romans"—he pointed at the stranger with a meaning finger—"Ef yo' know me, doan' say nuthin', an' Ah'll see yo' afterward!"—*Argonaut.*

♦♦♦

Binks—Shafer, do you know that woman across the street?

Shafer—She certainly looks familiar. Let me see. It's my wife's new dress, my daughter's hat and my mother-in-law's parasol—sure! It's our cook.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

♦♦♦

"I found such a wonderful bargain," said Mrs. Flatter. "What was it?" asked her husband, a resident of Back Bay. "You know I went downtown to buy a hat. Well, just as I got in the store they put up a sign, 'All hats at half price.'" "So you only had to spend half of the money you intended." "Oh, no, I bought two hats instead of one."—*Chicago Herald.*

Marts and Money

They have a dragging and monotonous market on the New York stock exchange. The bulk of business is strictly professional. It does not reflect fixed views as to the course of events in the fields of finance and politics in the next six or twelve months. It cannot, really. There are many tips to buy this, that or the other stock for a point or two, but intelligent speculators do not take them seriously. They merely smile, with a sly wink at their neighbors. They know their Pappenheimers. Many or most of them have all the stocks they care to hold. They groan when they get their monthly statements and note the amount of interest deducted from their marginal deposit. There are fellows who still cling to things bought at marvelous figures in the first flush days of the war boom—back in 1915. They are not hopeful of getting out even in the calculable future. At the most, they expect to be able, if lucky, to reduce their losses by occasional turns of five to ten points on either side of the market. At present, operations of this kind are unusually difficult. They are quite apt to show losses of \$3 or \$4 in less than two days and to cripple trading ability for a month or two. When Steel common fell to 118 $\frac{7}{8}$ recently, most of the boys considered it an excellent sale; they felt sure that the price would drop to 114 or 113. In office boy parlance, "nothing doin'." The stock speedily rallied to 123, and maintained itself at or around that figure mainly on account of the worries of all those who had sold not wisely, but too well. When Mercantile Marine preferred was attractively active some days ago at 91, brokers confidentially 'phoned their star patrons that the stock could safely be bought for 98. They stressed the fine yearly report of the company. The present quotation is 85, after deduction of a semi-annual dividend of \$3. When 84 was touched, brokers exhibited telegrams strongly hinting at a still more substantial break. Funny how they run things in these offices! It does not seem to hurt the business any, though. It does not chafe the crowd. Industrial Alcohol still is strikingly favored by parties who dearly love wide fluctuations during one day's session. The ruling quotation is 168 $\frac{3}{4}$; the recent top notch was 171 $\frac{1}{2}$. Owners receive no dividends. But that does not matter; indeed, it's a strong bull point. As a rule, the price of a stock goes down on the declaration of a dividend. Moreover, Alcohol is controlled by the Standard Oil gang, and should, therefore, be worth at least 200, dividend or no dividend.

Railroad stocks? Don't mention them! They are regarded as "dead ones." Why, the smart boys won't have 'em under any consideration. They just laugh and nudge each other when some old cautious codger comes along and gravely tells them that such stocks should be bought at prevailing low prices for a long pull and in anticipation of peace. They declare that they don't wish to get stuck for the rest of their earthly lives. They point out that most all people who were caught with that kind of goods in the past eight years have lost money, and lots of it, too. They would rather have Steel common, or Industrial Alcohol,

or Bethlehem Steel, or any other active war stock any old time, irrespective of the run of ghastly news, every other day, from the national capital in regard to taxation programmes. Look at St. Paul, they say. Was worth 165 in 1909, while to-day it is for sale at less than 70, with the dividend rate cut from 7 to 4 per cent. During the same period, Great Northern has depreciated from 157 to 103½. Similar unhappy records have been established by all other stocks of this group. The same bright chaps assert that they don't care a rap for reports that leading bankers insist on increased amounts of railroad certificates in loan applications. They hold that the financiers desire a sharp revival in speculation in such shares because they and affiliated interests are enormous owners of railroad securities.

Yet the idea persists in closely reasoning circles that soon or late the quotations or stocks of this kind must advance right materially. Definite announcement of peace negotiations is expected to bring an immediate and very important diversion of speculative and investment funds into such issues, together with a rapid subsidence of the demand for industrial and mining stocks. But suppose the conflict should rage a year or two longer—what would be likely to happen in the interim to the values of all securities? That's the point that most perplexes the astutest minds in Wall street and financial quarters in general. According to a dispatch from Washington, the first year of our participation in the struggle will cost us approximately \$20,000,000,000, inclusive of loans to allied countries. Can a huge sum like this be raised without forcing additional and very massy liquidation of railroad and other investment paper? There's the rub. Of course, it can and will be raised if necessary. No question about that. It's the cumulative effects of the borrowings that must be considered, and Wall street is considering them most earnestly at this time.

In numerous instances, the quoted values of representative bonds, domestic and foreign, indicate declines of one to two points when compared with the levels of the previous week. The enlargement of offerings at receding prices followed hard upon intimations from Washington that a loan of probably \$5,000,000,000 will be floated by the government in the near future. Wall street is discussing the question whether or not the interest rate may have to be advanced to 4 per cent, in view of the decline to 99.38 in the price of 3½ per cent liberty bonds. The majority opinion appears to favor the higher rate. One of the officials of the National City Bank declares, however, that the new loan could be floated at par even at 3½ per cent. We shall soon be informed regarding this matter. Meanwhile it should be noted that the New York time money rates range from 4¼ to 4¾ per cent, with a rise, occasionally, to 5 per cent. Call loans are negotiated mostly at 3 to 3½. These charges would indicate that for the time being the financial powers are in a fairly complacent mood, and not apprehensive of an aggravating turn in the next month or two.

The weekly statement of the clearing house institutions disclosed excess reserves of \$106,891,000, as compared with

\$144,045,000 previously. The quotations for foreign drafts are virtually unchanged. Gold continues to leave the country in considerable amounts. Most of it is shipped to Japan and Spain. For silver the latest price is 78½ cents per ounce fine. The United States now is the greatest producer of the white metal. Its yearly output is estimated to be twice as large as that of Mexico, and three times as large as that of Canada. The total production of the world in 1916 was 172,383,000 ounces, of which 72,833,000 came from mines in the United States. The National City Bank reports that in the fiscal year 1916, the latest for which complete figures are available, we exported \$53,172,000 worth of silver, of which \$41,032,000 went to England, \$8,240,000 to China and Hongkong, and \$1,385,000 to South America. In the eleven months ended May 31, 1917, we shipped to foreign countries about \$75,000,000. This amount slightly exceeds all previous high records. The silver market is being studied with growing interest in all the leading nations of the world.

The quotations for copper show moderate improvement, owing to somewhat more encouraging conclusions concerning price regulation by the government. From the steel manufacturing districts come reports that there is a pronounced disposition to "keep prices within bounds" from now on, with a view to meeting the views and needs of the Washington authorities. A bright idea, this, though a little belated. It merits commendation to the princes of some other leading industries. As the French wittily say: "*C'est le premier pas que compte.*" After the suggestion has been made and the first step taken, matters invariably adjust themselves quite easily.

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Finance in St. Louis

It was a quiet market on the Fourth street exchange, with no definite tendency in prices. What is professionally known as the "undertone" was firm, however. There was no marked selling pressure in important quarters, if exception is made of United Railways issues, the prices of which were again rather soft throughout. The 4 per cent bonds, recently quoted at 65.25, were transferred at as low a figure as 60.50. The aggregate par value of sales was over 20,000. About three hundred shares of the preferred stock were sold at 24 to 22. The downward move was not interrupted by rallies of any sort. A few small lots of the common stock brought 5.75. The quotation for St. Louis & Suburban general 5s slid back to 71, a level denoting a decline of five points from the top notch of two weeks ago.

Among industrials, National Candy common was strikingly active at times, with transfers amounting to almost four hundred shares. The quoted value showed no marked change, however. It ranged from 34 to 34.25. The common stock of the Certain-teed Products Co. advanced from 49.50 to 50. One hundred and forty shares in all changed hands. A few odd lots of the 7 per cent second preferred stock were disposed of at 87 to 88. International Shoe common, also a 7 per cent stock, continues steady at 98; ten shares were transferred. Forty

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Chicago Railway Equipment were taken at 108.50, the previous price; five Ely-Walker D. G. common at 108; twenty-five Rice-Stix D. G. second preferred at 103; twenty Consolidated Coal at 52.50; ten Wagner Electric at 185, and twenty Brown Shoe preferred at 97.25. This stock is not active, as a rule. Being a superior investment issue, it is closely held.

The "Street" was considerably interested in the annual report (for 1916) of the St. Louis Southwestern (Cotton Belt) Railway Co. It disclosed a gross gain of \$2,575,000; a net gain of \$1,105,000, and a balance of \$2,222,000, against \$736,000 for 1915. If allowance is made for the stipulated 5 per cent on the preferred stock, the amount earned last year on the common was equal to \$7.50 on each share outstanding. Nothing has been paid on the preferred since July, 1914. In 1913, \$4.74 was disbursed. The current quotation for the preferred—48—would suggest that holders are not very hopeful of an early reassumption of payments, the material betterment in revenues notwithstanding.

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Latest Quotations.

	Bid	Asked
Boatman's Bank.....		110
Lafayette-S. S. Bank.....	287 ½	
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	115 ½	
Third National Bank.....	234	240
Lafayette Trust.....	148	200
Mississippi Valley Trust.....		290
United Railways com.....	5 ½	6 ½
do pfd.....	23 ¾	
do 4s.....	61 ¼	61 ¾
Laclede Gas 5s.....	100 ¼	
Certain-teed com.....	49 ½	49 ¾
St. L. Cotton Compress.....	42 ½	
Ely & Walker com.....	115	116
Int. Shoe com.....		98
do, pfd.....	110	111
St. Louis Screw.....	200	
Consolidated Coal.....	53	54
Hamilton-Brown.....	135	140
Nat. Candy com.....	34 ¾	34 ¾
Wagner Electric.....	199	200

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Answers to Inquiries

R. R. P., Abilene, Kan.—The preferred stock of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. draws 8 per cent. All accumulated dividends have been paid. It is not a good investment stock; nor is it a good speculation. It has a thin market

most of the time. At the present price of 112 the temptation to buy is not violent, even though it may very well be that the 8 per cent will come forth for two years at least. Nothing was paid between 1903 and 1912. The stock can never be retired by the company.

BONDHOLDER, St. Louis.—The prevailing low figure for Seaboard Air Line Adjustment 5s is the inevitable consequence of enormous borrowings for war purposes and the growing disinclination of cautious investors to purchase railroad bonds of the second or third class. At the ruling price of 59½ the Seaboard Adjustment 5s yield over 8 per cent. The interest is fully earned, is cumulative, and has regularly been paid, every six months, since 1910. The bonds were worth 70 about a year ago. Would advise sticking to your investment. There's no probability, though, that you will be given a chance to liquidate at 68 in the next six months.

INVESTOR, Moberly, Mo.—(1) International Mercantile Marine 6s are not a high-grade investment, despite the payment of 6 per cent on the preferred stock and glowing statements concerning the company's prosperity, present and future. The current quotation of 94 compares with a high mark of 99½ in 1916. It is not likely that you will have cause for feeling sore if you defer buying for some months. (2) Pacific Gas & Electric 5s, quoted at 88, seem an attractive purchase, but they, too, will be worth some points less by and by. There is increasing uneasiness in conservative circles in regard to the popularity of municipalization and nationalization theories on the Pacific Coast. The bonds show a depreciation of five points since the summer of 1916.

INQUIRER, Muskegon, Mich.—Midvale Steel, of the par value of \$50, pays \$6 per annum, equal to 12 per cent. The relative lowness of the quotation (58) is indicative of doubts respecting the permanence of the dividend rate. There is some talk about overcapitalization, but it is discountenanced by interested parties. The company is doing a big business and should be able to pay 12 per cent indefinitely. Purchases must be made only during breaks.

S. M. R., La Crosse, Wis.—A further serious decline in the value of Chicago,

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M. & St. Paul preferred would appear improbable; but it is possible, of course, in times such as these. In the past twelve months the loss has been \$28; in the past ten years \$73. The 7 per cent dividend is not in danger of a cut, the common stock still getting 4 per cent per annum. Purchases should not be made above 103, bull maneuvers and occasional rallies of five or six points notwithstanding.

READER, Galesburg, Ill.—There is little likelihood that Central Leather common might return to the maximum of last year—123. Conditions and sentiment have changed very radically in recent months as concerns all industrial shares. The lucrative state of the leather business has generously been discounted. It is significant that the regular dividend rate is kept at 5 per cent per annum. The present price of 88½ is not really cheap even if note is taken of the extra disbursements. Given right conditions in the general market, the stock's quotation might register a recovery of ten or fifteen points.

New Books Received

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THE PERIL OF PRUSSIANISM by Douglas Wilson Johnson. New York: Putnam's; 75c.

An address delivered before the Iowa Bankers' Association, with explanatory maps.

LIFE SINGS A SONG by Samuel Hoffenstein. New York: Wilmarth Publ. Co.; \$1.00.

Verses. Highly praised by Harry Kemp.

PRESIDENT WILSON FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW by H. Wilson Harris. New York: Stokes; \$1.75.

President Wilson's career and American politics as seen by an Englishman who is profoundly convinced that apart from the war America and Great Britain have a great destiny to work out together; for this reason he endeavors to present an unbiased view to his countrymen. Portrait frontispiece, maps, index.

POEMS OF CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. New York: John Lane; \$1.25.

Scattered poems collected by Ina Coolbrith.

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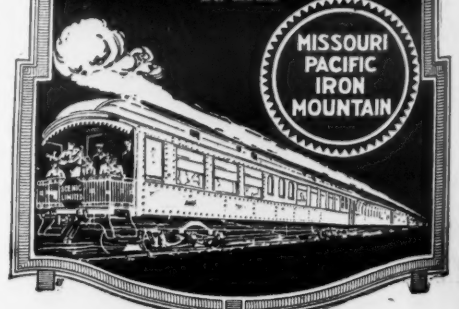
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